THE WORLD

Published by the Press Publishing Co.

FRIDAY EVENING, JANUARY 6.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING EDITION (Including Postage). PER MONTH, 30c.; PER YEAR, \$3.50.

THE YEARLY RECORD

Total Number of Worlds Printed during 1887,

83,389,828. Average per Day for Entire Year. 228,465.

SIX YEARS COMPARED :

| Year. | Yearly Total. | Daily Average. |
|--------------------------------------|---|---|
| 1882 1883 1884 1885 1886 | 8,151,157 12,235,238 28,519,785 51,241,267 70,126,041 83,389,828 | 22.331 33,541 77,922 140,387 192,126 228,465 |

Sunday World's Record: Over 200,000 Every Sunday During

the Last Two Years. The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1882 was 14,727 The average circulation of The

Sunday World during 1883 was 24,054 The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1884 was 79,985 The average circulation of The

Sunday World during 1885 was 166,636 The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1886 was 234,724

The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1887 was 257,267

CIRCULATION BOOKS OPEN TO ALL.

ADVERTISING RATES.

(Arate Measurement.)
Ordinary, 25 cents per line. No extra charge for acceptable display. Business or Special Notices, opposite Editorial page, 50 cents per line. Reading Notices, starred or marked "Advt."; First page, \$1.50 per line; Fourth page, \$1.25 per line; Inside page, \$1.50 per line; Fourth page, \$1.25 per line; Inside page, \$1.50 per line; Inside page,

The rates for advertising in the Daily WORLD do not apply to the Evening issue. Nor do the rates of that issue apply to the Morning Edition.

NOW FOR BUSINESS.

A month after the meeting of Congress the Committees are announced. Now for business.

The surplus is rolling in at the rate of \$15,000,000 a month. If it is not stopped, it will be spent. Already, grabs for a hundred millions are before Congress.

Out down the war taxes, and do it "forth-

THE HALF-HOLIDAY.

The working people asked for the Saturday half-holiday and got it. It has given to thousands of them time for rest and pleasure which they would not otherwise have got.

Now come the bankers and the corporation organs and tell the workers that the halfholiday is an injury to them-that they don't know how to use their leisure, and are given to wasting both time and money on Satur

It is very kind in these people to volunteer as guardians of Labor. But the Legislature is likely to think that it will be time enough to repeal the law when the working people ask for it.

STILL BOMBARDING.

The man who fired the first gun at Sumter as just died. He was time, and the duty fell to him by lot. There is a sharp rivalry among the Repub-

lican leaders as to who shall fire the last shot At present FORAKER is ahead, with Editor

HATTON a close second and Senator SHERMAN an eager third

And yet the war ended twenty-three years ago.

MR. EMERSON'S DISCOVERY. The latest English arrival has unwittingly

done this country a great injury.

We refer to Mr. J. W. EMERSON, the young Briton who " makes it a point to look under the bed before retiring," and who was rewarded, on the night of his arrival in this city, by finding a sneak-thief concealed there.

Think of the encouragement which this discovery will give to the thousands of wives orandum book, two penknives and a railroad timeand timid girls who "look under the bed for a burglar" even more regularly than they say their prayers, and who do not find one man for a million peeps.

Move on, Mr. EMERSON. "We wish that you had never come."

MUSCLE-WORSHIP AT THE HUB.

Boston is becoming more like old Rome than ancient Athens. Her astheticism is giving way to athleticism. The biceps is more esteemed than the brain at the home of BULLIVAN.

The latest proof of this is furnished by the "pretty eighteen-year-old daughter of a West End grocer" in that city, who, having two rivals for her hand, and being unable to shoose between them, bade them fight it out at fisticuffs, promising to marry the victor.

The first set-to of eleven rounds resulted in a draw, but the modern Roman maiden insisted that the rivals must "fight it out." The reaction against blue-stockingism would seem to be complete.

What is the meaning of this cycle of cowhiding of men by women through which the country is passing? Are the men less chiv- for the office of the Chief Executive of the State of alrous or the women more Amazonian than formerly? It is not a pleasant state of society when women feel impelled to right their wrongs by physical violence.

When Fashion can dance \$60,000 to the credit of Charity, " let her go Gallagher."

People who coast down village or city

graph poles, take a great many chances of entering the "Sweet By and By."

Complaints of loaferish and insulting action towards women and girls in Central Park again are heard. Before the ponds freeze over too solidly, it might be well to drown a few of these dirty blackguards.

Again the L road has had a narrow escape from a serious casualty. It won't do to depend on such luck always, Mr. HAIN. Are not the roads " taking too many chances?"

It troubles the rabid Republican organs greatly to see the Southern people recognized and east of Third avenue. as fellow-citizens.

FORTUNES OF CIRCUS MEN-

E. D. Calvin is worth \$40,000,

John B. Dorris is worth \$20,000. John Robinson, of Cincinnati, is worth about

Eaton Stone lives in New Jersey, where he owns James Robinson, the circus-rider, has saved

about \$100 000 and owns a nice farm. Dr. Thayer, the noted circus proprietor, is said

to be in the same condition as Dan Rice. James E. Cooke, the horse-rider and athlete, driving a street car somewhere in the South. Adam Forepaugh has from \$200,000 to \$250,000

He owns a number of dwelling-houses in Philadel P. T. Barnum is worth from \$4,000,000 to \$5,000,

000. W. W. Cole and James A. Bailey each have a fortune of \$2,000,000. James E. Cooper is worth \$500,000. As soon as

e makes a few extra thousands he erects a row of little cheap cottages in Philadelphia. James Hutchinson has amassed the sum of

\$1,500,000. Ten years ago he did not possess \$150. All his money was made in the circus business, James P. Bailey has retired from the circus business with a spng little fortune. He lives at the Ashland House in this city and dabbles a little in

Dan Rice, the man who used to get \$1,000 a week, the biggest salary ever paid to any circus man in the world, is now said to be worth a few thousand dollars less than nothing.

The Sells Brothers, of Columbus, O., began their career selling knickknacks on circus lots. That was their first connection with the circus business. They now own a great deal of real estate.

WORLDLINGS.

There are lace curtains in the parlors of Robert cost \$900 a yard. Some of the carpets on the floor are actually worth their weight in gold,

A young man in the last stages of pulmonary disease killed himself by swallowing prussic held in Philadelphia recently, and the verdict of the as tute Coroner's jury was : * Death from consumption accelerated by prussic acid."

A flock of blackbirds that must have been nearly two miles in length was seen by the passengers on a Pennsylvania Railroad train recently. The birds were so numerous that they darkened the sky for a few minutes, and presented a most novel spec-

which the fire on the heartn has not been out since the house was built about forty-five years ago. The man who occupies the house now is the man who built it, and he has never passed a night away

In a suit for divorce recently brought by a wealthy merchant of Brussels against his wife, the causes alleged were that defendant took chloral habitually and smoked eigarettes. The Judge took an indulgent view of the case and re-

Nell Smith, a Georgia colored man, was sent to the penitentlary for a term of four years in 1883 for larceny. The time of his original sentence expired a week ago, but owing to the fact that he has made several unsuccessful attempts to escape he will be forced to pass six years more behind the bars. The finest house in Washington is that of B. H.

Warder, on K street. It cost \$400,000 and looks like a Venetian palace., It has a bathroom of white marble and in one of the bedrooms there is an apartment walled with mirrors, so arranged that one can see every part of himself without turn

The prettiest model in Paris is said to be Alice Van —, the daughter of a Belgian violinist who died when Alice was only fourteen and left ner to make her own living and that of her family. She posed as " Fabiola," which has since been reproduced in this country as a tobacconist's adver-

tisement, and as "Orpheline" and "Henriodade, A young man of Ashland, Me., while on his way home from a dance a few evenings ago saw the form of a large animal in front of him and fired several shots at it from a small revolver. The ani mai fell, and he saw that it was an enormous bull moose. He then cut its thoat with a pocket-knife, and in a few moments the great animal breatned

Sheriff Holland, of Jacksonville, Pla., gathered his posse around him the other day and raided four camps of tramps who had pitched their tents in the swamps near the city. Seventeen men were captured and marched to jail. They were searched and their entire possessious found to consist of one bar of soap, one piece of tobacco, a razor, a memtable. Not a cent was found on the person of a single individual.

Guests of City Boulfaces. Lieut, G. W. Lenfeld, U. S. N., is stopping at

the Sturtevant. F. W. Roebling, of Trenton, and his wife are staying at the Brunswick. At the Grand are Copt. W. A. Rapperty, U. S. A., and A. Grant, a London barrister.

Samuel R. Honey, Rhode Island's Lieutenant. Governor, is booked at the Brunswick. Capt, and Mrs. G. H. Farrell, of London, and Dr. W. Knapre, of Berlin, are at the Fifth Avenue.

C. N. Watson, a prominent citizen of Montreal whose daughter is an acknowledged belle, is now at the Hoffman. George M. Pullman, of palace-car fame, and Gen. Wn. W. Beiknap, of Wasnington, are guests of the Victoria.

G. S. Page, a well-known railroad man, of Mon treal, and the Rev. T. J. Stiles, of Frankville, Out., are registered at the Gilsey.

On the Hoffman's its of arrivals are the names of William J. Flyon, one of Albany's City Asses-sors, and Capt. James W. Rooney, also of Albany. From other cities at the Astor House are H. D. Inddock, a Boston lawyer; A. E. Shader and Jas. Moore, Jewellers from Chicago, and F. Mayer,

Among others at the Brunswick are Waiter P. Warren, who manufactures many stoyes at Albany; F. L. Rligely, of St. Louis; J. Sterling Morion, the Nebraska lawyer, and N. R. Fair-Morion, the Nebras banks, of Chicago,

His Name Stands High.

(From the Philadelphia Bulletin.) In 1882, when Robert E. Pattison was a nominee

Pennsylvania, a galvanized cornice was placed on the Lafayette Hotel, on Broad street, below Chestnut, and on this the name of the young ex-Govnut, and on this the name of the young ex-Governor will remain until by age the cornice will have to be replaced. One of the thaters, who was almost manify enthusiastic about the election of the young Pulladelphian to the Governorship of this great State, pulcaed the following into one of the sheets: "An honest man is a noble work of God. For Governor, Robert E. Pattison." This treat, if it can be verified, will keep the name of the ex-Governor in a position too exalted to be of any imiliate benefit, beyond the satisfaction of the en-

and lined with trees, lamp-posts and tele- WORDS FROM THE PEOPLE.

HIGH-PRICED COAL MAKES BARD TIMES ON THE EAST SIDE.

Poor People Hard Pressed to Keep Soul and Body Together These Days-The Retail Coal Business Bad and Profits Light-The People Made Poor by Strikes -Cold-Weather Facts for Coal Barons.

"It is hard times on the east side." people ay. Indeed, when was it not "hard times" in that section where earners of day wages live? But times seem to be harder than usual in the region below Fourteenth street

Dealers say quanimously that the poor people who live up in dark and poorly ventilated tenements are very hard pushed this winter in the effort to keep body and soul together. The smaller dealers in First avenue and that neighborhood are very gloomy. They say that the system of living from hand to mouth is the only one in vogue over there. and that people make their purchases in the smallest, most impracticable and most costly quantities,

A quart of potatoes! A water-pailful of

These are samples of the purchases. This is owing, in some cases, to the fact that the tenement-house people have no room in which to store anything, and this is because n order to economize on rent several famiilies occupy the space usually allotted to one

Then, although each tenement has a cellar, it is impossible to protect the provisions of one family from the depredations of another in the cellar which is common to all. This is due to the desperation of poverty.

With a prospect of a raise in the price of coal on account of the strike of mining wage coal on account of the strike of mining wage slaves the outlook for better times for the tenement-house districts and for the small dealers who make a scanty living at best is not encouraging. Coal costs the small dealer an average of \$6 a ton, and sales are so small that he can make nothing out of it. An Evening Women reporter had talks with a number of First avenue dealers to-day.

with a number of First avenue dealers to day.
Henry Mahlstadt, grocer at the corner of
First avenue and Second street said: "Business is pretty fair, but profits are light.
There is too much competition. We sell coal
at seven cents a water-pailful. We should
have \$7 aton. We sell coal for accommodation, but we will not deliver it. Four pedlers keep their horses in my stable. They
sell at 25 cents a bushel and carry it up. I
we \$5.50 but they get it the read for \$2.50. sell at 25 cents a bushel and carry it up. I pay \$5.50, but they get it at the yard for \$5.

"There are twenty-eight bushels in a ton, so they make \$2 on a ton. I don't make much more than that in many more deals, for eighty-five of my pailfuls make a ton. I get 12 cents for a scuttleful, and that is about the same. I don't give much credit. If a customer can't pay to-day, possibly he won't be able to pay to-morrow. We have lets of business—ought to with all these blocks around here crowded full of people."

John Meinken, grocer, at 168 First avenue, said: "Business is poor. It isn't half like other years. People haven't got the money. My customers are mostly working people. We sell in small lots. A quart of Irish potatoos we sell at 7 cents. People are

other years. People haven't got the money. My customers are mostly working people. We sell in small lots. A quart of Irish potatoes we sell at 7 cents. People are too poor to buy more than that at a time. A water-pail of coal sells for 10 cents. I pay \$5.75 per ton in my own wagon, and I know I get full weight. There are not quite three pailsful in a bushel. I sell for cash—or at least I can't give much credit in the grocery business.

"I think that the people are made poor by "I think that the people are made poor by strikes. I don't see how they can gain by striking, All the striking I ever knew anything about they lost by. Expenses are too big for the business that we do now. It's hard times on the east side."

Julia Quinn, who keeps a diminutive ground a strike at 200 First aronne says. "Bust.

Julia Quinn, who keeps a diminutive gro-cery store, at 222 First avenue, says: "Buss-ness is very bad. If I can make a living I am glad. I am here to-day, and may be turned out to-morrow. My customers are the poor people in the tops and bottoms of these blocks around here. As to coal, I can't make a cent on it. I pay \$4.50 for half a ton of coal, and what could I sell it for? I am almost too poor to use it to keep me warm."
The sturdy little grocerwoman sighed;
then in an instant a kind smile spread over
her face as she put a mottled red apple into

the hand of each of two little girls who had just made a five-cent purchase of bread,
John Schlemmer, small grocer at 226 First
avenue, says: "Business is rather slack,
Potatoes sell at 7 cents a quart, but a quart is heaped up so it's about three quarts. I pay \$2.50 and \$3 a bushel to the farmers. It don't pay to get much potatoes at one time. Coal is 8 cents a wooden pailful delivered. I pay \$5.50 a ton and deliver it myself. Last tims I paid \$6. There are seventy pails in

on, so you are sure to lose money on the Just at this point a woman clad in rags entered and "ordered" and paid for a pail of coal, to be delivered up three flights in a

acoai, to be derivered up three fights in a nearby block.

Mr. Schlemmer weut on: ,' You see, we go up three stairs with a pail of coal. We can't help it. These big dealers in coal are to blame. Business comes to us a cent at a time. High rent and small stores ruin us

Patrick Kieran, of Kieran & Lynch, shelf grocers at First avenue and Fourteenth street, says: "Since the holidays business has not been very good. I do not deal in coal, but I had not fixed my cellar for coal, and the other day I bought a bushel across the way. It weighed just fifty pounds and I paid 25 cents for it. That's \$10 a ton. We do almost no credit business, and the little we do we regret—it's so hard getting in our money. Our customers have not much cash, but they have a little. They come with it in their hands and pay for what they get. Con paring this with the former seven years that we have been in the trade it is the best, although I hear complaints all around of the dulness of trade

dulness of trade."

At this point an elderly, poorly dressed woman broke off the interview to purchase two half-pound packages of butter, which she was going to give to two neighbors poorer

John Cogan, grocer at 175 First avenue, says: "The grocery business is slow. It's the neighborhood, I think. The people are very poor. We sell potatoes usually a quart at a time at 8 cents.

The Evening World reporter was shown a quart of potatoes. It had three and one-half pounds. There are sixty pounds in a bushel, and at 8 cents for this kind of a "quart," of which there would be only seventeen in a bushel, the dealer would get \$1.36 a bushel. They cost 75 cents, but the loss through the credit system of dealing and otherwise would

reduce profits to a minimum.

"Rents in this neighborhood," said Mr. Cogan, "are about \$10 for three rooms and \$6 a month for two rooms in the blocks. Forty people live in these quarters."

George E. Folsom, of 135 First avenue, deals in real estate and coal. He will not bother with orders for less than a ton, and sells at \$5.75 a ton. Business with him is mainly done with grocers and lesser retailers.

He thought that coal would be higher before t was lower in price.

William Tilch sells coal and wood in the basement of 73 First avenue. He sells a bushel of coal for 26 cents. He says that coal is so dear that business is not good. There are thirty bushels in a ton, which he pays \$6.25 for. A scuttleful is sold for 13 cents. His trade is in scuttles and bushels. He says that when coal is hit her his customers refuse to pay another penny on a bushel, and he is to pay another penny on a bushel, and he is to pay another penny on a bushel, and he is obliged to make up the difference in meas-

ure, He sells this winter about seven tons a week, delivering it at the top of the buildings if necessary. Last winter he sold fourteen tons per week; but people who could raise the money bought a ton early, on the look-out for another strike and high prices, and those who could not buy by the ton now use coal only for cooking. They live in cold rooms for the sake of economy. Mr. Tilch streets that are crossed by other highways is there. thusiast and a few of his friends in knowing that it and his family live in one dark room partitioned off at the room of the control of at the room of the room of

DETECTIVE PRIOR SURPRISED.

Pale-Faced East Sider's Meal of Glass Tacks and a Live Frog.

THE POLICE PUZZLED OVER JAMES DON-"I'll be blowed!" remarked Detective Prior of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Mr. Prior had just returned from a still hunt after the big abandoned lumber raft,

and had wandered into an east-side saloon in the neighborhood of the Hook, where his attention was attracted by the sight of a youth chewing a bar glass,

The youth had a pale, clean-shaven face, big mouth and red lips. He crunched between his teeth the segments of the goblet, which he bit out and called for water to top Next he pulled a handful of tacks out of

his pocket, crammed them into his mouth and swallowed them with another draught of

water.

A frog was hopping over the bar, The pale-faced young man caught it by a hind leg and held it in the sir over his capacious mouth. The frog twitched and danced. Slowly the young man lowered the frog until only the legs protruded beyond his lips. Then he shut his mouth. One leg stuck out of each corner of his mouth.

He took another glass of water and sipped it. Gradually the legs were drawn into his mouth till they disappeared. Then, after a

month till they disappeared. Then, after a big gulp, he opened his mouth, distended it to unnatural proportions with the aid of his forefingers and held it up before Detective Prior to let the latter look down.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Detective Prior The mouth was empty.

"Where's the glass, the tacks and the frog?" he demanded.
"I swallered dem. We's tough over here, boss." said the pale-faced young man extending his hat. "Say, young feller, ain't yer goin' ter give me suthin fer me night's lodgin'?"

Breen's room. Last night the patient became unmanageable. He tried to fling himself from the window, Mrs. Gallagher, a feeble woman, restrained him until the neighbors ran in and Detective Prior dropped a nickel in the hat and hurried back to the Fifth Avenue Hotel. CALIFORNIA'S DIVORCE MILL.

its Simple Legal Machinery Taken Advantage of by Numerous New Yorkers.

The divorce machinery of California is so simple, and the statutory time of residence so brief that it is becoming popular for New Yorkers, whose matrimonial vokes are too heavy, to take up their residence there for an allotted time preparatory to staking off their marriage ties, and returning East in untram-melled singleness.

Amony the latest accessions to the ranks of

Amony the latest accessions to the ranks of divorce-seekers from the East is William F. Loss, a young Gothamite of high degree. He had the misfortune to marry a young woman whose reputation, it is said, was under a cloud, and in order to free himself from an unhappy entanglement he visited San Francisco, where he was recently granted a divorce on grounds of drunkenness and indelity. Among the numerous corresponding fidelity. Among the numerous co-respond ents are several young bloods well known in

this city.

Another resident of New York who has cause to bless California divorce laws is Mrs. short time ago for twelve illustrations for a new book. He had the suggestions written out in order to facilitate the work.

"Now, Mr. Cusachs," said the publisher,
"I beg of you to bear in mind that the printers are waiting for these illustrations. Pray do me the great favor of getting them out just as soon as you can." Fernando Yznaga, who, after a residence there of eight months, during which time she has shone as a star in high social circles, has obtained an absolute divorce. The exact cause of the rupture between Mrs. Yznaga and her husband is shrouded in mystery.

THOSE UNTRIED BAIL CASES.

Mayor Hewitt Could, if He Chose, Make Some Suggestions About Arrests.

Mayor Hewitt has found cause for com plaint in the fact that during the three years of District-Attorney Martine's term there "Oh, be seated," said air, Cusachs, I'll do them while you wait!"
The publisher waited an hour and then carried away the pictures in a highly pleased and well satisfied state of mind. were accumulated nearly five thousand un-tried indictments for violation of the Excise

law.

Should be look over the filed papers in the Clerk's office of the Court of General Sessions he would wonder how so many excise cases got to the Grand Jury, and he might be tempted to write a letter, or several of them, this time not to an official whose warrant of authority is co-equal with his own, but to others whose appointment depends upon the city's chief executive. Under the law the papers and other records in cases dismissed in the several police courts of the city have to be filed in the office of the

month the records in about three hundred such cases are filed, and an examination re-veals the fact that a great majority of them are cases of excise violation. are cases of excise violation.

A sample from one of the courts will suffice by way of illustration. Last month there were sixty dismissals of persons arrested for violation of the law, and of these thirty-five were arrested for some violation of the Excise

Clerk of the Court of General Sessions. Each

Promoted Just Before Death.

[From the San Francisco Examiner.] Archbishop Riorgan granted an unusual reques this week in consenting to allow the black veil to be taken by a young religiouse whose probationary term as a novitiate has little more than half expired. Only the most urgent circumstances are sufficient argament to overcome the strict rules of the church in such cases, and in this case the subject will wear the insignia of her promotion and acceptance but an hour or two at most before entering the codin. The conference of the vell will virtually be a dying benediction, as the recipient's hope of life in the flesh is as faint as it is strong for life in the spirit. The veil will form her saroud, virtually, as it will be interred with her. Sister Camillus of the College of Notre Daine on Dolores street, opposite the old Mission Church, is the young religiouse to whom the concession has been granted, and she is failing so rapidly that the ceremony can be expected to occur within a few hours or days at most, Quick consumption is the illness that has possession of her frame, and its ravages in the past six weeks nave been such that there is no longer hope, and death is expected daily. term as a novitiate has little more than half expired After taking his drink he'd start to the door, but stop there an' come back an' say again:
"I don't feel very well to-night, an' if I'm goin' to make a good speech I guess I'll have to have a lectic more o' that brandy." Then he'd start for the Saloon Building, but turn on t'other side of the road, come back an' say:

'Oh, U'ncle Jimmy, can't you come up an' hear my speech to night? An'I guess a drop more o' that brandy would do me good."

Then he' straighten up a little straighter than ever an' go an' make 'em one of the best speeches you ever heard.

A Grievous Mistake.

| From the Puducah (Ky.) Standard, | A Marshall County man visited the City Court room the other day while a jury trial was in progress. The six jurors were business men and were not in the best humor about being taken away from their business, and their countenances plainly showed their annoyance. There were several pris-

way line in the kingdom. Much excitement has been lately caused owing to the alleged misconduct of one of the holders of these comprehensive passes. For it is alleged by the railway companies, who naturally take good care to see that the privilege in question is not abused, that an Italian Deputy has actually been letting out his pass on hire, so to apeak, to his friends and acquainnances. The Chamber of Deputies has just authorized the prosecution of this offending member, and aers in the dock.
"You have quite a lot of prisoners this mornig," remarked the Marshaillte to Chief Collins,
le was looking at the jury.
"Yes, sir; four or five," replied Collins, glancing 'They all look guilty, too," observed the Mar-"Way, man, that's the jury!" said Collins, aghast, as he just then noticed toe direction of the Marshallie's gaze. "Them's the prisoners over yonder,"

[From the Turoma (W. T.) Ledger. A petition to the Legislature for the re-enactment of the Woman's Suffrage law has been forwarded from Tacoma to the representatives of Pierce County. It is twelve and one-half feet in length, two-thirds of that amount in double coloun, and contains the names of the great majoribusiness and professional men and of nen. The business portion of the city h ther nighty canvassed, and the rebeen the registry canvassed, and the resident part scarcely at all. That the women of Tacom do want to vote is proved by the poll-books. A the aperal election, Dec. 10, 1883, the first a which women voted, the total vote cast was 1, 119-that of women, 193. At the special election hel on May 4, 1886, the last at which women were a lowed to see the tranchise, the total vote in Ts coma was 1, 440-that of women, 874.

The Great Kitchen at Windsor Castle.

[From Faulty Fair.] The holidays bring a wealth of work for the cooks at Windsor. The kitchen, on the north side of the Castle, is fit ed claborately enough to delight the heart even of a Careme. The apartment is nearly fifty feet in beight, and has an enormous Srejat either end, with a system of spits after fathion of University kitchens. As an ordinatal there are a chef de culsine, two master co two recomen of the mouth, two reasting cooks, arderers, five scources, one steam man and t argerers, live scources, one steam man and three stichenmains, besides apprendices and serving men. The number of dinners that can be cooked in this kitchen is simply marvellous. Every detail of the arrangements is worked out with the greatest care, the disturbed being handed straight to the footmen from the cooks, and by them conveyed to the various rooms.

THE PEOPLE'S LETTER EOX.

DYING OF A BROKEN SKULL.

NELLEY'S INJURIES.

Queer Story About His Discharge from

the Roosevelt Hospital-Did He Fall from

a Car Platform ?- Seized with Delirium.

He Tries to Jump from a Window-No

Record of Him at Roosevelt Hospital.

James Donnelley, a tailor, forty years old,

of Red Bank, N. J., lies at the New York

Hospital suffering with a fractured skull.

He is unconscious and there are small hopes

Last Monday Donnelley came to visit his

friend, Francis Breen, a plumber, who lives

on the second floor of the rear house No. 262

West Nineteenth street. Breen's aunt,

Mrs. Gallagher, keeps house for him. The

two men went out to make New Year's calls,

and did not return till Tuesday morning.

Then Donnelly was very weak and seemed not to understand what was said to him. Breen told his aunt that Donnelley and he

having made several calls, started downtown

from Forty-eighth street in an Eighth avenue car at 11 o'clock p. M. Donnelley remained on the rear platform to smoke, while Breen went inside. Suddenly the tailor fell back-wards over the dashboard.

wards over the dashboard.

He was carried to the sidewalk, where he remained half an hour before an ambulance came. He went to the Roosevelt Hospital, whence he was discharged the next morning, according to Breen, one of the officials remarking that "the hospital was not a lock-ma."

A dispensary physician saw Donnelley in

forced him back on the sofa.

Between 1 and 2 o'clock this morning Breen

notified the police of his friend's condition, and Donnelley was carried to the New York

At the Roosevelt Hospital the records were searched, but no account of Donnelley's admission was found. The clerk said that no such person had come there for treatment.

Mrs. Gallagher told an Evenino World reporter that both Breen and Donnelly are sober men and on the best terms with each

The police are working to find out exactly

PICTURES WHILE YOU WAIT.

Artist Cusachs Astonishes a Publisher Who

was in a Great Hurry.

nimblest and quickest draughtsmen in town.

While his touch is remarkably quick, it is at

A book publisher went to Mr. Cusachs a

out just as soon as you can."
Mr. Cusachs tried the nib of a pen on the nail of his thumb. "Are you in a very great hurry, Mr. Book?" he asked.

Yes, my dear sir; a very great hurry. There are the suggestions for the twelve pic-tures. Now tell me when you will have them

done."
"Oh, be seated," said Mr. Cusachs, "and

What Came of an Easter Egg.

Another strange fresk is Col. R. D. Locke's resthetically hand-painted " Easter" chicken. The

pullet is of good size and does not seem to realize

appears as if she had ordered her dress from

Fortifying Himself for the Fray.

[A Pioneer's Recollections in the Chicago Herald.] Long John Wentworth used to come down

brough the alley from the Saloon Building an'

come up to the bar an' say:
"'Uncle Jimmv, I'm goin' to make a speech tonight. Guess I'll have to have a little o' that 'ere

cetle more o' that brandy."
Then he'd start for the Saloon Building, but turn

Free Pass Abuses in Italy.

[From London Figure.]

In Italy every Deputy becomes ex-officio entitled

to a pass authorizing him to travel over any rail-

way line in the kingdom. Much excitement has

it is stated that the railway companies of Italy will be able to prove more than enough to scoure his

Not the Ambulance.

[From the Betroit Free Press.]

Two hundred pounds of solld flesh, encased in

dress, bonnet, shoes and other articles too numer-

ous to mention, came down with a crash near the

Soldiers' Monument yesterday forenoon, and a

woman yelled "O-o-o-oh!" lond enough to be heard two blocks away. A nedestrian turned aside and extended his hand and anxiously inquired: "Shail I ring for the ambulance, mixam r" "No, sir!" she snapped, as she started to pick herself up, "If you want to oldige me wring the necks of some of these people who are grinning as if I had never tried it before, and hadn't got it down to a fine kerbump!"

A Fortunate Expedient.

At an early hour this morning while the training

Leadville train in some way the sleeper with one

leavine train in some way the aleeper with one coach got away and started down the steep grade, with no trainmen on them to man the brakes. Soon a velocity of fifty miles an hour was reached, and two miles faom here the cars jumped the track and were demolished. The only passenger on the ill-fated cars was a man named Bates, who covered his head with pillows and was taken out of the wreck without a scratch.

A Pennsylvania Volcano.

The citizens of Zollarsville and vicinity are considerably exercised over a discovery on the farm of

I From the Pittsburg Comm.

were transferring the Gunnison sleeper to the

Desputch to San Francisco Examiner.]

down to a fine kerbump !

that she is not constructed altogether according to

[From the Atlanta Constitution.

the same time unusually strong and sure.

Philip G. Cusachs, the artist, is one of the

how Donnelley was hurt.

of his recovery.

Every-Day Topics of Interest to Readers of 'The Evening World.' \$2 for Mrs. Crowley.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Please find inclosed \$2 for the unfortunate Mrs. Crowley. Please publish this in full from A READER OF THE WORLD. New York, Jan. 5.

More Help.

o the Editor of The Evening World: Please give this money (\$1) to Mrs. B., the poor woman, East Twenty-eighth street, advertised in The Evening Wonld, from Mrs. F. Gosling.

106 West Seventy-third street.

Where the Streets Want Cleaning.

Will we ever get clean streets? Down in our district they are filthy. Mayor Hewitt told the Commissioner that if he didn't at-tend to his duty he would remove him. He is still in office and the streets are getting worse. H. D.

Early Morning Street Nulsances.

Cherry street, Jan. 4.

I believe there is an ordinance against un necessary noises early in the morning. Why don't the police interfere with the men who go up and down the sidewaik from the o'clock clanging a big bell and crying "swill." They rob many a man and woman of just one hour's rest each day.

A Suffereb. Jan. 4. A Suffereb. go up and down the sidewalk from 6 to 7

Five Dollars a Week is Enough for Her.

to the Editor of The Evening World: In answer to the wife who says her husband receives \$12 per week and cannot make both ends meet I would say there must be poor management somewhere. Why, if my husband were carning that money I could live band were earning that money I could live and save a little besides. Now, I, too, have a little girl and my husband has only earned \$5 per week since the lst of November, yet we live, and live good enough for any one. I have three light, clean rooms for which I pay \$11,50 per month. I do all my own cooking and sewing and we have managed to attend the theatre twice this winter (of course we did not take a box). Now, if there are any doubts about the above statements one of your reporters may call and see for himself, and if he will kindly let me know what evening I will guarantee to give him a good. ing I will guarantee to give him a good, old-fashioned Massachusetts supper. Yours truly, Domestic.

How to Live on \$12 Per Week.

For the enlightenment of your correspondent "Wife" in Wednesday's Evening WORLD in which she wants to know how to live on \$12 per week and make both ends meet, I would like to put before her some plain facts which, if she lives up to, she can-not only make both ends meet, but have something left for a rainy day. The follow-ing table will show "Wife" my expenses per week with a wife and one child six years old:

Total expenses for one week...... \$6.40 You will notice that in the expenses there

You will notice that in the expenses there are no ''chicken a la fricassec." "oyster pic." 'vension," or Mumm's extra dry, but a good plain living that hundreds, yes, I may say, thousands, of families in this city live on from one year's end to another. I think "Wife" is in luck, and ought to try in the future to be thankful for having such a large share of this world's goodness. I have only been in this city five months. The last three weeks I have not had any employment, and like "Wife's" husband had \$12 per week, out of which I saved \$40. It is dwindling away now, but still I have enough for a few weeks longer. If "Wife's" doubts the figures that I have put down, she is welcome to our home to see for herself, and my wife will gladly tell her all the secrets of how to live on \$12 per week, make both ends meet, save money and that she is not constructed altogether according to the orthodox fashion among fowls. She is, however, not built that way. But she is not responsible for her dreas. The tailor who plaumed it did so about last Easter time, and the intricate design of her brilliant trouseau was not dyed in theiwood, but was on the shell of the egg before Mrs. Biddy was hatched. Tradition fails to reveal how and why that red-and-green egg got un er the mother hen, but it did so, and when the calck was hatched she soon began to put on airs. The pointing begins at the beak and this necessary appendage is beautifully motited in dark red, sea-green and brilliant orange. The feathers are deceily motiled in red, green and white, the green being the predominant color, and the red appearing only in occasional spots. Her legs are likewise on the streaked stocking order, and altogether Mademoiselie Biddy

week, make both ends meet, save money and have plenty to spare; or, if she wishes me to explain how the different meals are cooked and served, I will gladly do so, giving her all the details. George McKenzie. 388 Thirteenth street, Brooklyn.

Looking for His Lost Limb

We are not sure that the legal relation of a gentleman to his amputated limits is very satisfactorily defined either by statute or at common law. Mr. leg, who was found under suspicious circumstances in the museum of St. Bartonolomew's Hospital, explained his presence by alleging a desire to visit the cast of his lost limb. This was not considered satisfactory, and he was haled before the magistrate, who remanded him. It seems hard that a man should be denied a certain reasonable access to his legs. "You see, he has a leg," said Mrs. Mountsmart Jenkinson in "The Egoist "of Sir Willoughby Patterne, when "the excited his guests of both sexes to a holiday of flattery." Now a man who has not a leg, who has been divorced from his leg, has this advantage that he can contemplate it impartially and from all points of view, needing no Mrs. Mountstuart Jenkinson to design to mortal vanity this innocent consolation. leg, who was found under suspicious cir-

How the Vendetta Was Ended.

London Daily News. Last week a singular festival was held at Bitti, in Sardinia. In the presence of the Prefect of the Province, the Archbishop of Nuoro, a provincial leputation, the Syndic of Sassari and other author ties a formal oath was taken by the members o two families, which had been at enmity for many years, reciprocally to pardon all offenses and to live in peace and harmony. The number of the members of the two families was 579 persons. A large growd filled the pari-h church in which the ceremony was performed, and the next day a banquet was given in the country for which had bee ordered 10 oxen, 14 pigs, 60 suckine-pigs, 200 weight of macaroni, 300-weight of bread, and 5 of fruit, with 10 hectolitres of wine.

BRIGHT BITS OF CHILD TALK.

"'I'll teach you to play pitch-and-toss!" shouted an enraged father. "I'll flog you for an hour, I 'Father," instantly replied the incorrigible. he balanced a penny on his thumb and finger, toss you to make it two hours or nothing!" A CHANGE OF LABEL.

A doting mother of a wavgish boy bottled a lot of nice preserves and labelled them, "Put up by Mrs. Doo." Johnny, having discovered the goodles, soon ate the contents of one bottle and wrote on the label, "I'll down by Johnny Doo." A FLAW IN THE ARGUMENT. Aunt Eather was trying to persuade little Eddle to retire at sunset, using as an argument that the little chickens went to roost at that time. "Yes," said Eddy, "but the old han always goos with them." Aunly tried no more arguments with him.

HIS OPINION OF BALAD. A country lad who had gone to service, having had saled served up every day for a week, ran away, and whon asked why he had left his place replied, "Why they made me yeat grass in the summer, and I wur afraid they'd make me yeat say in the winter, and I couldn't stand that, so I wur off."

A NABROW ESCAPE. An American boy's idea of having a tooth drawn may be summed up as follows: "The doctor hitched fast on me, unlied his level best, and just before it killed me the tooth came out."

A NEW USE FOR A WIG. An elderly gentleman was one morning searching for his wig, which had mysteriously disappeared; he hunted for it high and low, until, losing all patience, he adjourned to his matutinal mea without it. "Have any of you chillren seen my wig?" he saked, sternly. "Tommy had it this will doubt. "Nave any or you call from seen my wig?" he asked, sternly. "Tolmny had it this morning." piped one little voice from the far end of the table. "What did you do with it, Tommy?" the gentleman inquired. "Gave it the old han to lay in, "quoth the youngster.

Suren Bane. Smoke was noticed several days ago issuing from the ground, and in order to escertain its origin a number of neighbors assisted in making excavations. When only a few feet down the ground became so hot that the men had to quit digging. It is stated that hot pieces of clay were thrown up and that the smoke has become very dense. HIS EMERGENCY THOUGHTS A little boy fell into the river a few days since, and barely escaped drowning. When asked by hi and barely escaped drowning. When asked by mother what he was thinking about while in water he replied: "I was thinking what a lo things you'd give me if I got home safe,"

THE STRUGGLE FOR BREAD.

LONG HOURS AND LOW WAGES FOR GIRLS

IN A SILK FACTORY. Working Early and Late Summer and Winter

Alike—A Household Carried on by the Joint Efforts of a Mather and Two Daughters — Hard Struggles of a Young Wife-Contented Faces Nevertheless.

Amid the busy hum and whirl of a hundred looms some four times that number of girls were plying their deft fingers.

It was the interior of a huge silk ribbon factory in West Thirtieth street, and the head of the firm was showing an Evening World reporter the wonders of the establishment.

The delicacy and ingenuity of the machinery for producing out of a shapeless mass of raw silk, fresh from the cocoon, regular lengths of rich ribbon of a thousand different designs, was duly admired, and then the warping, dyeing and packing departments were visited.

The employees of the factory numbered 550, and with the exception of the weavers at the looms and the foreman and packers all were women and girls. The majority were girls of from thirteen to eighteen years of age, the older girls and the women of course doing the more important work. The girls

doing the more important work. The girls and women were without exception spotlessly clean and neat, and the reporter was struck by the prevailing look of contentment and satisfaction on their faces.

"This must be because they have short hours, light work and good pay and are able to live in comfortable homes," thought the reporter. It was a pleasing thought, but there was more of poetry than truth in it.

A few questions put to the proprietor of the factory brought out the cold, hard facts that the working hours for the girls and women were from 7 o'clock till 6, winter and summer alike, and their wages from \$3 to \$7 summer alike, and their wages from \$3 to \$7

a week.

The rest might have been conjectured, but The rest might have been conjectured, but the reporter seized a moment when one of the warping machines was quief and approached the girl in charge, a little damsel of apparently sixteen or seventeen years:

"I get \$3 a week," she said, "and I live with my mother in West Twenty-fourth street, between Ninth and Tenth avenues." She would not tell her name, but from the fact that she said her mother was Mrs. Goodkind and the forewoman called her Lena, the reporter concluded her name must be Lena Goodkind.

"I had to work three weeks here for \$1 a week," she said. "It took me that long to know how to watch the spools. Then they gave me \$2.50 and last month they raised me

gave me \$2,50 and last month they raised me

"I have a sister two years older than myself. She works in a paper-box factory and
cannot earn more than \$2.50 a week. Our
mother goes out washing and the three of us
together earn enough to keep us.
"This work is not very hard, but I have to
get up at 5.30 o'clock in the morning. It's
quite dark now when we get to work. We
have a Saturday half-holiday, but we get paid
50 cents less every week than if we had to
work that afternoon.
"I shall be eighteen years next birthday.
No, of course I should not be able to live on
my earnings if I was alone. It's only by living with my sister and mother that we can
get along, but I shall get a raise to \$3.50 next
week, and if I get on they will give me better
work and \$5 a week soon."

I have a sister two years older than my-

work and \$5 a week soon."

Emma Norton, a bright-eyed young woman of twenty-two years, found time to talk to the reporter while walking rapidly up and down the floor and keeping track of every one of the thousand threads on the whirling with line. one of the thousand threads on the whiring spindles.

"If a woman's labor was paid for by results as well as a man's, we should get \$20 a week," she said. "As it is, I am paid \$1.25 for a full working day and 75 cents for Saturday. That's \$7 a week. I am married, but my busband is an incurable consumptive and is in the bosnital.

is in the hospital.

"I have to work for myself and baby and it's a pretty hard struggle. I leave the baby with a neighbor while I am in the factory. I take work home in the evenings and earn. from \$1 to \$2 a week extra that way. The work I take home is winding off silk on the warping frames. It is clean work and not very hard in itself, but I have to keep at it a yery hard in itself, but I have to keep at it a good many hours to pay the rent and keep myself and my little one in food and clothes.

"The owners of the factory are kind-hearted men and just to their employees, but there are many in the business and a great deal of silk ribbon is imported from Switzerland and Germany, so they have to keep their expenses down or the foreigners would undersell them."

dersell them. FUN FOR AFTER DINNER.



Those Terrible Great Vases. VOICE FROM THE DEPTHS-"Excuse me, Miss acer, but while I was looking at your bric-à-brac he chair slipped and I cawn't get out !"

A Daughter of the Regiment. [From Tel-Bits,] Miss Felps—We have awfully joily times down at

Governor' I la d in the win er.

Mr. Schwein urth (of Boston, to himself)—Didn's cnow her father was well enough to own an island. Juess I'd better plunge ! An Ambiguous Compliment.

"If you use my mixture once," said a patent

medic ne man, " I'm sure you will never use any other." ''No." was the reply, ''I don't suppose I ever would."

No Show for Falth Cure. - | From Texas Strings. | Gas De Smith-Pve been reading about another remarkable falth cure. Gilhooly—I don't believe in it. Physic beats the faith cure every time.

Gus De Smith—Well, it ought to; it has the in-

Western Jou nalism.

stue Irack.

[Fr m Tid Bits.] Dakota Editor (to foreman)-Are all the forms ready ?

Dental Intelligence.

Foreman—Yes, sir.
Editor—Pistois and bowie knives in good shape?
Foreman—Yes, sir.
Editor—Gistling gun loaded?
Foreman—Yes, sir.
Editor—Then let the paper go to press.

| From Texas Siftings. | "For heaven's sake, give that man a nut-

cracker," said a lady at an Austin hotel to a waiter, pointing to a gentleman from Dallas who was cracking hickory nurs with his teeth.

"I don't want hi; these nuts are so hard, I'm afraid I might creak it," replied the man from Dallas, crunching another nut between his teeth. Must Go to Town.

[From the Wazahachie (Tez.) Mirror.]
We saw one six-horse wagon drawing a gentleman and lady last Monday. Truly the resources of our people are inexhaustible.